Capital City Capers

The News Organ of the Capital City Squares
A Member Club of the IAGSDC

Après Camp Caz, Le Deluge

The season has begun. There are so many activities to involve oneself in that one can very easily overdo it. Ask Michael and me about that!

Capital City Squares is very busy. Our new class is 36 people strong, and Robin is very adeptly putting them through their basic paces. Kris is also busy teaching quite a few of last year's Mainstream class the Plus level of square dancing. Our club now has 84 active members. A group this large could put quite a strain on all those administering the club, but everyone seems be cooperative and supportive. Much credit must go to the Board and to the membership at large.

The weekend of the 15th saw the marvelous potluck/hoedown hosted by Kenric, Rory, and David at the Auburn estate. We all had a great time dancing to the calling of Harlan Kerr.

Michael and I saw Harlan the following weekend in San Francisco at the Folsom Street Fair during Leather Weekend. Michael and I overdid it a bit and came home with colds. But we kept up with everybody there! Micahel has more on Leather Weekend later in this issue. It was great to several club members in full and partial leather at different times during the weekend. It was especially great to see Wella Balsam (Bill Houghton) from Vancouver, B.C. at the Mr. Drummer contest.

Because of our sybaritic weekend in San Francisco, Michael and I had to bow out of Camp Cazadero and stay home to recover. However, it seems that Capital City Squares was ably represented by a whole contingent of rowdy club members. From all reports They won't soon recover from our presence there. We even walked off with the Mr. and Mrs. Camp Cazadero awards. Congratulations to Greg and David. Later in this issue you will find two (count em, 2) reports on the festivities.

I was recovered enough to dance to the calling of Joe Uebelacker on October 3rd. This event, jointly sponsored by Prime 8's and Capital City Squares could have been better attended by our clubs' members, but we had a great time anyway. In attendance were several members of TNT's, a straight club, where a few of us are learning C-1. We are having a good time learning C-1 with them. They don't even bat an eye when Jeff and Dennis or Del and I dance together.

The C.E.O. Speaks!

(& can you even believe how much this guy can ramble?!)

Well, it's that time again! No, not nap time!! It's time for the monthly newsletter (oboyoboyoboy).

I'm glad to see the entire new class doing so well and hanging in there! You seem to be learning quickly and to be enjoying yourselves as well. I do enjoy dancing with you, helping you to learn, and standing back at times to watch the progress. I'm getting to know you as individuals as well as a group — I hope you are getting to know each other, too!~ Along this line, don't forget the election for your representative to the club board is not all that far away. Nominations are open and will remain open until the 23rd — at which time you'll have the chance to vote for the one among your nominations you feel best qualified to represent you. Think about this! Then nominate someone — you can nominate yourself or someone else.

A "fun-damental" aspect of the club involves activities outside of class night — primarily the potlucks! For those who've attended in the past, you know how much fun they can be! The major problem right now (a problem I'm glad to see ...) is that the size of the club precludes being able to hold a potluck in most people's houses. It's great to be able to say that! However, it also makes it a tad tougher to have potlucks. So, we (the board) hereby put out the word: if you know of any possibilities (big house, fairly solid barn, apartment complex rec room) that might be available (especially at a LOW price — free? ...), let us know. We'd like to find a place that has kitchen use and a dance floor of sorts and is a touch homey (the multi-purpose room we use for class provides neither homeyness nor a kitchen). It's really important to have these social meeting, not only to provide another chance to dance, but also to give us another opportunity to get to know one another in a different atmosphere. Any ideas/possibilities would be most appreciated.

Hallowe'en (or shall we say "Gay High Holy Days?) is this month. While we've no arranged a spectacular party for the occasion, it would be fun to have people wear a costume of some kind to class on the 30th! It was a lot of fun last year — consider it. Bring goodies — we'll have a "mini-party" — and it'll give you a chance to try dancing in a special "outfit' preparatory to the crinolines many will want to wear eventually (huh, David, Larry, Michael?).

October 11th is National Coming Out Day. An ad is appearing in the next issue of Newsweek Magazine: That same ad is included in this newsletter. Think about it. (An interesting tidbit — to me anyway — is that October 11th is also the 15th anniversary of my beginning a mission for the LDS church ... we don't talk much anymore ...)

For those of you who can make it, Western Star Dancers is hosing a weekend of intense dancing October 12th and 13th. Friday night is "Take No Prisoners Plus"; Saturday is a "Cider Swing Thru" MS/Plus Dance. The following weekend, October 20th and 21st, Foggy City Dancers is having its anniversary dance on Friday and Midnight Squares is hosting a dance on Saturday. Those who have been to these dances in the past can tell you how FUN they are!

Check the calendar and schedule of events for other activities. There's always something going on somewhere!

Hey, a HUGE THANK YOU!! to WSD for the Camp Cazadero Retreat! Everyone there had a wonderful time — we all saw another "side" (or face!) of numerous people — with all sorts of interesting tidbits. My personal tanks to Greg (Stud Muffin), Dick, Rich, and David (Candy Barr) (and to whomever I missed — apologies!) for handling the "Mary Party" on such short notice! Again, WSD, Thanks for Mucho Fun. (Look for Dameon's Delights for a more complete "exposé"! — some of it's even partly factual.) We won't mention Tammy's inability to keep her shirt buttoned! (She claims the buttons fell off — suuure!)

We have received the first update for "Cast a Shadow in the Sun," the 1991 IAGSDC Convention. (Thank you, South Florida Mustangs!) Included in it are

convention registration forms, hotel registration forms, convention program sponsor apps (to run an ad in the program — $5.00 for several hundred "exposures"? That beats any peepshow I ever heard of!!) and an overview. Please keep in mind that reservations with the hotel are SEPARATE from the convention itself and are sent DIRECTLY to the hotel (several envelopes have been provided — what is not explained are what the Deluxe, Conventional, and Lanai Suites include ...). Look for these (and other) information materials up by the music equipment each class night.

Well, I've carried on again ... (too bad I don't seem to get carried off much .... never mind). Now that we are settling into the year, it puts a smile on my face to realize how the club is growing and how much fun we have. It's wonderful to be a part of it. Thank you, one and all, for your participation, your support, your enthusiastic presence. "It's a goodness."

See ya dancin',

— George Fox

September Board Minutes

September 5, 1990

The meeting came to order at 7:17 p.m. at Bill and Michael's home. Present were Rich, Rick, Kenric, Rory, Bill, George, Robin, David, and Mary Jo.

The first item on the agenda was the Potluck/Hoedown at Kenric and Rory's palatial Auburn Estate. The board agreed to furnish Sodas and Harlan. Kenric and Rory will provide BBQ chicken, plates, utensils, and decorations, and other club members will provide other potluck dishes. It was noted that the caretaker of the "estate" is "nice" and "available" and that some games would be played (I guess so!!). Those attending are encouraged to carpool.

Secondly, the board discussed getting old members back into the club and new members to join and stay. It was suggested that a phone tree be set up to call last years members to remind them of class time and location and to send post cards in addition to this. Discussion also carried to the lack of female participants in the club. Kenric suggested that we "women" members solicit new members (on street corners I imagine!) by "putting out a little." I told him that he would have to discuss that with my Honey and get back to me. Bill agreed to coordinate the Phone Tree.

The third item discussed was how George finds his husbands. He related that Guerneville and/or lunch seem to be the best places (George got propositioned at noonish on 9/5/90 — ask him about it and about his weekend in Guerneville).

Next, George discussed the multiple contracts that CCS deals with and turned all contracts —

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Class/Club Dues:
$90 a year
$10 a month
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Newsletter only: $12 a year

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past, present, and future — over to David Levy. If you have any questions about contracts, see David. He is our "contract contact."

Then the board ambled on to the subject of renting the school for class nights during their R and R periods. We can rent the school multi-purpose room for $11.13/hr, but the school reserves the right to cancel at any time. We will use the school unless something better (and cheaper) comes along.

Moving right along, the board discussed the possibility of using Coloma Center for hoedowns rather than the school. Pros and Cons and contracts were batted back and forth, and it was agreed that we will stick with the school for at least the 1st hoedown. If we outgrow the school, we will look into renting Coloma Center or ....

We then discussed callers for upcoming hoedowns. Joe Kula is booked for hoedowns in December and May, Joe Uebelacker for the one in October, and Jett Roberts will call for the hoedown in February. See David about contracts.

The board took a sweeter turn in discussing the birthday cakes for our monthly birthday celebration. Robin graciously agreed to approach Bette, our resident expert baker, to see if she would agree to stimulate our appetites with her divine confections. The club will endeavor to have our birthday celebrations on the 1st Tuesday of the month.

Then on to our "printing pursuits." Lovely Tammy Coddington has agreed to do some of our newsletter printings in exchange for dues (I love the barter system) and will do the rest of the printing for a nominal fee. The board agreed to take Tammy up on her offer.

George then brought up the fact that Harlan was willing to come up monthly to drill and teach the basic and plus classes. It was agreed that we will pursue having Harlan come to CCS club night monthly. Details to be firmed up at the September 15th potluck.

Our last item of discussion was initiated by Robin. She would like to have organized Angels (AFL/CIO do ya think) and more specific functions for our angels during class time. Bill volunteered to be "Archangel" (well, at least when he's standing we can see him) and organize all the Angels.

Our Treasurer reported that we have $350.50 in the Treasury (Dues are Due) and the meeting adjourned at 8:47 p.m.

The next board meeting will be at Rich and Rick's at 7:00 p.m. on September 26, 1990. All are welcome.

Respectfully Submitted

— Mary Jo Margaret Theresa Semmelmayer, Secretary Extraordinaire

October Board Minutes

September 26, 1990

The meeting started late because our fearless leader, George, was late! We began at 7:20 p.m. Those in attendance were Rick, Rich, Robin, George, Kris, and Cindy. Bill was home sick, David was celebrating his birthday with his family, and Mary Jo was ——— ——. (George didn't tell us.) As Mary Jo was absent, Cindy "volunteered" to do the note taking.

First topic of discussion was Sable's cute, newly born puppies. She had three. After we all oo'ed and ah'ed, we got down to business.

George will be communicating with Harlan about the club's expectations and desires (could be exciting!) for his monthly reviews/workshopping. Robin and Kris had lots of input about this.

Next, George wanted to reaffirm our club's intention to continue to make a cash donation to the Children's Receiving Home at Christmas (in Joel and Roy's memories). It was wholeheartedly supported. We will be sure to let the members know that they may contribute/donate to this fund on a personal basis. We will announce it in November.

It was decided to hold a general meeting the night of the new class representative election. This will be October 16th. Each class will be 15 minutes shorter that night. The meeting will start at 7:45 p.m.

Speaking of the classes ... everything is going well. There are no major complaints, just a reminder that all the angeling guidelines for the basic class hold true at the plus level too.

The next agenda item was potlucks. We will try to rent the school at the end of October for one. We would love to be able to locate a more "homey" site. Does anyone have a house big enough? Do you know of another location? Please let the board know if you do!

The board is trying to get button name tags done for all our new dancers ASAP. Cindy's school will do them for a donation to the "Just Say No Club." David is designing them.

As the school is now part of the year-round system, we will have to pay the janitor if we want to dance in the "off time." The board agreed to this. Our club is so big that it makes it difficult to locate another suitable hall that is rent free.

The board also agreed (boy, aren't we an agreeable bunch?!) to hold 50/50 raffles one Tuesday a month. This would help cover extra costs such as the janitor, cake, hoedowns, records, etc.

Returning to an old topic, Kris reported that she still does not have a contact person or telephone number for the local square dance association. So she has been unable to obtain insurance information. Robin will contact some of her bay area friends to see if she can get some information.

More echoes form the past ... we need to get an updated catalog/price list for fun badges.

At this point Rick announced that the club has $1,235 in the bank.

Going on to the subject of mail, the board decided to go ahead and pay yearly on the P.O. Box. This way, we only get locked out once a year instead of twice. The club has already received some information about the Miami convention. They must want us to plan ahead!

Another echo from the past ... Michael, via Rick, reports that he is still trying to get information about collecting ballot boxes on election night as a fund raiser for the club.

There has been some minor concern over the use of red armbands for lead dancers. In the past we asked leads to wear blue shirts and pets to wear red. The board felt that Robin's needs/method of identifying leads was up to her. Actually, the use of the armband makes each dancer aware of who's who in the square.

Robin informed the board that there are no singing call records for steps 21 to 42. She asked if she could contact a bay area caller (Vickie Woods) to see if she would make us a 30 minute or so tape that would use those calls. We agreed, as long as the cost isn't outrageous.

Looking ahead, the board will request that Harlan do All Position Dancing (APD) workshops at Fife's this time around. The workshops would be Mainstream, Plus, and Advanced. We want our dancers to be the best at their respective levels. We really don't want any "intro" workshops, as dancers who come only for the hoedowns don't have any of the "new" calls and then are unable to dance that night or break squares down.

FYI: George has information about National Coming Out day. It's October 11th.

As Kris and Cindy were running out the door at 8:30 p.m. (to go bowling), the meeting was adjourned.

The next meeting date, time, and place TBA.

Respectfully submitted by the substitute secretary [extraordinaire!],

—Cindy Sullivan

Chez Grey du Cazadero

by Whoré Derves (All names have been changed to protect the less than innocent.)

This lovely family lived in a charming Alpine chateau of 300 square feet with a master bedroom, mini-bedroom, and large salon de bain (that's French for bathroom). It was furnished in late WWII to early Korean Conflict period with 1970 crinoline (lots of it). They are a close family!

Ti Thang aka T. T. of the largest upper front protected the lovely Thangs.

The Thangs are listed by where they slept, not in order of significance. All are very significant.

Dam Thang was in charge of coffee, and she was the most mechanical of all — creating fashions, zippers, and safety pins from twigs, sticks, and peanuts.

L. Thang was late but lovely. Seen in "Hot pink" hose and high heels, and red bra while being mistress of ceremonies at a national game show called "Family Feud."

Gloria Hole aka M. Thang played "parlor games" and was always the last one home. She is very fast in high heels and whorish attitude. She slept with T. T.

R & R — they're twins and kinda quiet — mostly tried to sleep and be together. Rather unsuccessfully.

Stud Muffin aka G. Leatherman Thang and later King Caz who went on to become a wusband of "R" of the host club. S. M. (short for Stud Muffin) was very, very busy.

D. J. Thang who thinks "platters" is what you serves Whore Derves on and bitched about the head.

J. Thang who insisted on sleeping next to the bathroom so he could look thru the glory hole. Also, he was groomer for the Chateau Reine.

Chateau Reine (C. R. Thang) was truly the most colorful and most chameleon of the Thangs. (Shit! — she'd change earrings and panty hose just to go t. t.) Anyway, she was always generous with wardrobe, wigs, and dish. She went on to become Queen Caz and destroyed most squares 'cause she only danced lead. (Billie Thang, don't count!)

This lovely, generous family lived on a meadow surrounded by smaller, less fortunate dwellings. They provided Whore Derves for their neighbors and were soon quite popular. Being a close family, they moved as a mob and got the tables they wanted. As no one at camp brought an alarm clock, Dam and D. J. Thang awoke all each morning at 0630 by loud talking, so all had time to get pretty for breakfast. Everyone was always appreciative of the sacrifice they made.

During this typical Fall Alpine weather in the high 90's with chilling nights in the 80's, much liquid was consumed. J. Thang got his eyes and ears full at the glory hole where he slept, or rather tried to.

The whirlwind of parties never found C. R. Thang without something to wear. Ever the properly dressed, she wore a black cocktail dress and buzzard fur capelet to the Margaritaville party. The morning after being crowned, she was seen in Polynesian Spandex with a double decker Tami Whynot wig. Her natural beauty being such, she wore no makeup — fortunately, we were all drinking.

Stud Muffin Thang wore tight leather to his coronation and a smart Ladies Black Felt cowboy hat. The morning after found him serving drinks in crown, boots, leather jock, and trick towel. Unshaven to match the natural beauty of his Queen, he helped save the club lots of money on drinks.

However, this did not stop Momma T. Thang from arranging an engagement and wedding of S. M. to R. of our host club, thus solidifying the ties between these two sister organizations. They decided on hyphenated last names so the clubs wouldn't have to change the order of the rosters. The dowry was supplied by the Thang family, the ring being some kind of genital apparatus. The nuptial bed was provided by the mother of groom, and during the party photos were taken as they assumed safe sexual positions. The nuptial bed was left unstained. They proceeded to the Brunch of turkey sandwiches and tater chips with lemonade. Momma T. Thang was heard to remark unfavorable about the dessert of "Mystery Cookies," but

she also ripped open her shirt and showed all at the opening dance! I'll let you decide about her propriety. S.M. Thang and his wusband left immediately after to their own homes in a trial separation after on 28 minutes of marital bliss. It's rumored that "having children" was the impetus of the separation.

I swear this is all true; except if you're planning on suing me, then it's fictional history.

— Dick Jaco

Leather Weekend Revisited

The San Francisco Leather Week in September has evolved into one of the premier leather events each year in the world. The many "fantasy theme" gatherings throughout the week, the Mr. Drummer finalist contest, the Mark Chester exhibit, and the Sunday Folsom Street Fair all make for a wonderful time of fun and frolic. The membership of Capital City Squares was well represented at the fair, and with very little coaxing, Harlan Kerr (accompanied by his two little "Scotties") called a tip for us in the middle of it all, which most of the crowd seemed to appreciate. (Bill and I shall not disclose which member arrived with his harness on twisted and inside out!) If you have not attended this event, and are interested, you may want to start planning to do so for next year. And isn't is nice that it is scheduled each year to coincide with my birthday weekend .... I do appreciate that!

—Michael Foft

Dameon's Delights

Listen up, dear children, Mama von Trash is going to rise up from her heap of crinolines and rhinestones to tell you the story of Camp Caz, and indeed there are some stories to tell ....

In the beginning ... Mama was out shopping for last minute pumps and accessories at 8 a.m. Friday morning — I can never seem to get it together on time anymore — hmm, maybe my honey's ways are rubbing off on me. Anyway, after many stops and starts along the way, Tammy, Michael, and I found our way to the top of the mountain at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. First on the agenda was to get settled in one of the "condos." Yes, the Bradley family had taken the "best" and only decent abode, so we proceeded to go from hut to hut looking for one that would meet our needs.

We finally decided on one quaint and rustic house down the hill under a large sweeping oak, so we proceeded to unpack the "Sterling" and settle in. After this tremendous feat was accomplished (which was observed by a dozen San Francisco Queens sitting on the hill sipping mint juleps), we discovered to our utter horror that our cabin had only one faucet in the shower — and looking further discovered it did not have a hot water heater. Well, sisters, Mama was hot, her pits and crotch were moist and rank, and she was not a happy camper! Three days without a dance? No way — So we repacked and moved again to the other side of the tracks to a tacky little cabin where bugs and spiders had taken up housekeeping, but there was hot water!

Tammy was very good about moving the furniture and steamer trunks, with Michael and I giving explicit directions. So good to have a man around the house!! Tammy was also getting warm by this time, so #1 can of beer was quickly consumed, followed by #2 can, #3, #4, ??? About this time David drove up in her truck with crinolines streaming over the sides. We all helped unload all 17 outfits for 2 days. Wigs alone filled two beds in our cabin. The jewelry box (fishing tackle box) took two to carry it in. Then Dick and Greg showed up with another car full followed by the arrival of Rick and Rich and Jim. Thank goodness Rick only brings a small clutch bag. He thinks a save sex kit is all you're supposed to take on a trip (That's all he took to New York, too). Maybe he's got the right idea ... he ran around in a long, snug black teeshirt all day and his cute little buns attracted a lot of attention.

By the time everyone was settled in, Dick fixed a fabulous hors d'oeuvre tray with shrimp, paté, crackers, cheese, dip — it was fit for a queen — and they certainly did show up! Thanks, Dick!

Dinnertime came and Tammy was into the vodka and feeling no pain. After cleansing the crotches, we all headed up the hill to dance. Most everyone had now arrived (except my Larry, of course). So there were about seven squares dancing. Halfway through the evening, Miss Wella

Balsam did a little skit, which gave us a chance to rest up — and time for Tammy to freshen up her drink. About 11:30 Rick, Rich, and I were sitting down watching the dancers and all of a sudden we saw Tammy's shirt fly open and those huge pendulous breasts start swing all over the square. Freeman was also in the same square; being somewhat intoxicated along with envy at seeing Tammy's big knockers, he got so confused that he forgot how to dance. Tammy continued to dance the rest of the evening exposing herself and keeping the entire dance in utter confusion. Everyone was mesmerized by the sway of the bazooms.

Is this the end of the Tammy's Tits story? Oh no! The night is not over yet. Most of us retired about 1 a.m. (Michael crept in about 3:30). About 1:30 I was awakened by movement (Tammy was in the bunk bed above me). I saw a leg swing downward, then another, then crash. She hit the floor. Everyone in the cabin woke up as she made her way to the bathroom (tits swinging in the breeze). We all drifted back to sleep. About an hour later, more movement, groans, and legs appear again. Crash! Down she falls again. This time instead of going toward the bathroom, she went through the doorway to the bedroom where Rich, Rick, Jim, David, and Greg were sleeping. Again we are awakened by her falling out of bed and we hear her knocking on the wall. After observing this for a minute or two, Rich said, "Tammy, what are you doing?" She says, "The bathroom door used to be here. Now it's gone and I have to pee." Rich, being the gentleman that he is, grabbed her by the tits and led her back out of their room and into the bathroom. We won't delve into this any further, but she did hit the floor 4 times that night!

Saturday morning we (some of us!) rolled out abut 6:45, got the coffee started, and managed to make enough noise to awaken everyone else in the camp. Some campers weren't too happy with us, but we did have quite a trail of visitors by breakfast time. There were many activities during the day and we all did those that were of interest to us — workshops, swimming, hiking, eating, drinking, screwing, washing pantyhose — then came the evening activities we were all anxiously awaiting: the Family Feud between the Bradley family and the Wood family and the crowning of Mr and Mrs Camp Caz. We started getting ready quite early since there were 10 people with 1 bathroom and 1 makeup mirror — ever seen a bunch of queens fight for the mirror — it's not a pretty sight. There were three lovely ladies from our cabin getting ready plus one guest (Rod) who was there for makeup, eyelashes, and anything else he could find! And of course, Greg was cinching into his leather.

By 8 o'clock everyone was dressed, and the beauty was — well, it's hard to find the descriptive words — Michael had fishnet stockings and see-through Cinderella pumps, a lovely long dress tastefully tied up on one side and one of sister David's lovely hair pieces as a final touch. Michael can certainly swish with the best of them and was so delighted with the pumps, he wore them the entire weekend.

Then there was David. Mercy, sisters, you have never seen so many wardrobe changes. Every hour she was in a new set of pumps and crinolines. Her outfit that she won Mrs Camp Caz in was breathtaking — black satin with a pink flamingo on the front. She had made a vest to match, which Mr. Camp Caz (Greg) wore.

Last but not least was my honey, Larry, whom I did a last minute dress up on. Had it been planned, he would have resisted, but it all happened so fast, he was in shock. After getting the eyelashes on him, his wrists limped up and he kind of got into the whole thing. He was a lovely sight as the MC for the Family Feud and did a very good job walking in those 4 inch pumps all evening.

On Sunday we had a marriage ceremony on the veranda of the lodge. Our lovely Greg was married to the dashingly handsome Max [Jaco says R.] of San Francisco. We moved a bed outside, and there in the garden reception they consummated their marriage amidst tears and cheers. The highheel race on Sunday was fun, but much too short, and the contestant turnout (5) was lousy. Our own Michael and Larry did very well, considering their heels were the highest! Next year more of you girls must enter.

All in all the weekend was fabulous, and those of you who don't attend next year will deserve to be soaked in whale shit.

— Mama Dameon Walker

Election Night

Tuesday, November 6, is Election Day. We cannot dance that night as the William Land School is a polling place. However, you can do your Civic Duty and help the club raise money.

I have contacted the Election Office: they need workers after the polls close and like to hire groups and organizations. This is the deal:

- I've told them we can get approximately 30 to 50 people.
- We work at the Election Office on Branch Center Road from approximately 8:00 p.m. to midnight (maybe later).
- We will work outside, removing ballot boxes, supplies, etc. from the returning precinct officers' cars or maybe directing traffic.
- We will work as a team or unit.
- Each person is paid $6,91 per hour

  — $6.91 per hour times 4 hours = $27.64 per person

  — $27.64 times 40 (club members) = $1105.60 for the club!

- Each person is paid individually by checks that are mailed out three weeks later. You would then be expected to sign that check over to the Club.

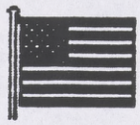
OK, so why should you do it? As our club has grown to such large numbers in recent years, it is all but impossible to have hoedowns and potlucks in members' homes. So we need to rent halls for these events, and we need to pay for callers, supplies, and the on–going expenses of running the club.

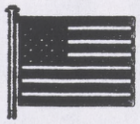
I will need definite commitments within a couple of weeks to give to the Election Office for their roster. If you sign–up and then cannot make it, you must send a substitute.

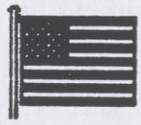
I think it sounds like a fun and worthwhile night — we do our civic duty, raise money for the club, and have a night of camaraderie.

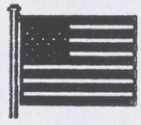
So vote on Election Day, and then make your vote count for the club also on election night!

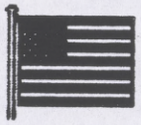
—Michael Foft

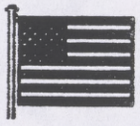












October Birthdays

9	Jeff Ramos
10	Curt Stanley
19	Art Boehm
19	Dore Tanner
27	Brent Cutler

Coming Events

October

3 An Evening with Joe Uebelacker, CCS and Prime 8's, William Land School, Sacramento
5–7 International Gay Rodeo Association Rodeo Finals, Phoenix, AZ
6–7 Weekend of Advance & Challenge (Saundra Bryant, Anne Uebelacker, Don Wood, and Harlan Kerr), BOQ, Seattle
7 Castro Street Fair, San Francisco
11 National Coming Out Day
12–14 Balloon Fiesta Fly–in, The Wilde Bunch, Albuquerque
12 Take No Prisoners Plus Dance (Steve Edlund), Western Star Dancers, San Francisco
13 Cider Swing Thru MS/Plus Dance (Steve Edlund), Western Star Dancers, San Francisco
20 Anniversary Dance (Anne Uebelacker), Foggy City Dancers, San Francisco
21 A–2 Dance (Dave Stevens), Midnight Squares, 7:00–9:30 pm, Live Oak School, San Francisco
26–28 6th Annual Fly–In (Mike DeSisto), Times Squares, New York City
29 WSD Halloween Celebration on class night, San Francisco
30 CCS Halloween Celebration on class night, Sacramento

November

3 MS/Plus Dance (Eric Henerlau), Western Star Dancers, San Francisco
9–11 Wheel 'n Deal in D.C., D.C. Lambda Squares, Washington, D.C.
17 Anniversary Dance (Roger Lovy), El Camino Reelers, San Jose
23–25 7th Anniversary Fly–in, Stars Across the Border, Vancouver, B.C.
23 Basics Hoedown (Mike Green), Western Star Dancers, San Francisco
24 Thanksgiving Dance (Mike Green), Western Star Dancers, San Francisco

December

3–5 Dancin' and Chancin' in Vegas, not an IAGSDC event but singles are welcome, Sands Expo and Convention Center, Las Vegas, NV
7 WSD Christmas Dance (Paul Waters), San Francisco
8 Workshops/Potluck/Hoedown (Joe Kula), Capital City Squares, Sacramento
15–30 No square dancing in Sacramento, Bill and Michael in Hawaii

January, 1991

18–20 Swing Thru Arizona, Desert Valley Squares, Phoenix

February

2 Workshops/Potluck/Hoedown (Jett Roberts), Capital City Squares, Sacramento

March

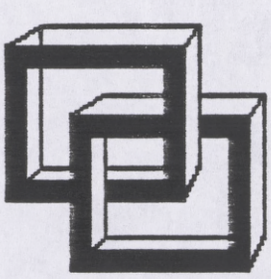
16 WSD 9th Anniversary Dance (Paul Infanti), San Francisco

April

19–21 Russian River Retreat, Capital City Squares, Fife's, Guerneville

June

8 Graduation Workshops/Potluck/Hoedown, Capital City Squares, Sacramento
14–16 Cast a Shadow in the Sun, 8th IAGSDC Convention, Miaaami

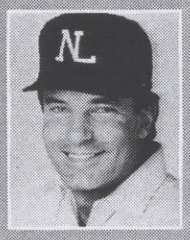


Across America, People Are Coming Out

NATIONAL COMING OUT DAY, OCTOBER 11, 1990

Sandra J. Lowe
Attorney

Rod & Bob Jackson-Paris
International Model/
Professional Athlete



Dave Pallone
Author, *Behind the Mask*

Skrabneski

Rita Mae Brown
Best-selling Author

Mandy Carter
Director
N.C. Senate Vote '90

Marvin Liebman
Conservative Activist

Joe Steffan
Former Naval Midshipman

On October 11, thousands of people from all walks of life will be making a decision to lead more open gay and lesbian lives. They'll be coming out.

Telling the truth about yourself is a fundamental step in creating closer relationships with your family and friends. Below are a few ways you can come out.

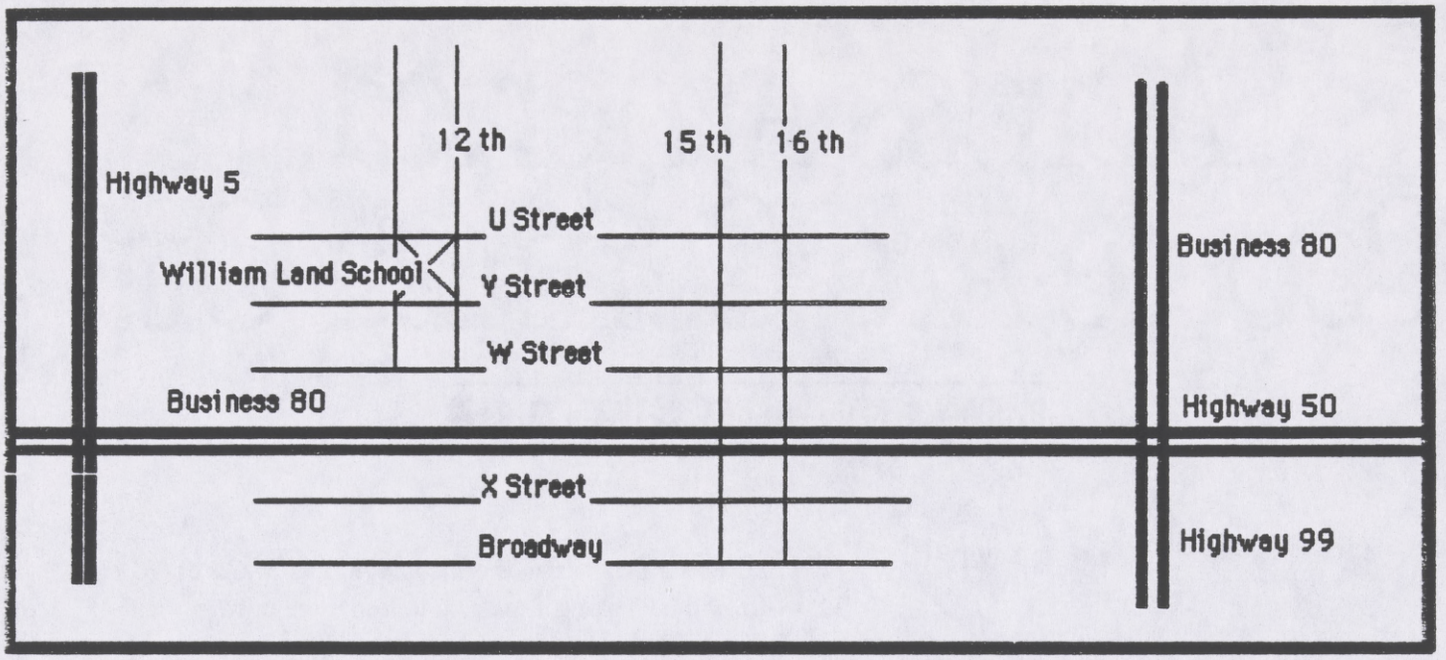
- Talk with your brother, sister, father, mother or child, and let them know more fully who you are.
- Come out to a friend or colleague.
- Contact, join or contribute to a local or national lesbian/gay organization.
- Write to your elected officials to make sure they know they represent gay and lesbian constituents. One way of doing this is through the Speak Out Program of the Human Rights Campaign Fund.

Coming out is an ongoing process, one step at a time. Celebrate National Coming Out Day on October 11. Take your next step.

National Coming Out Day commemorates the October 11, 1987 March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights. Its goal is to increase the visibility of the 25 million lesbians and gays in the U.S. who cross all ethnic, racial, geographic and economic lines.

National Coming Out Day is a non-profit organization.
For more information, or to contribute: (505) 982-2558
P.O. Box 15524, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87506

Paid for by: Tom Watson, James C. Hormel, David Russell, Edward Goodstein, Michael Epstein, Rob Eichberg, and graduates of The Experience.



Capital City Squares
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